

**MAY BE CALLED
LAST WORD IN
EVENING GOWNS**

THIS evening gown, although originated in a French salon, is not impossible to those who wish to copy it. It looks very simple, and if one can manage to copy its "hang" exactly so as to retain the all-important direction of its lines, this gown may be successfully made at home. It is one of the shorter-in-front models, with sagging (or apparently sagging) lines at the back, which the French now consider the cleverest of effects. It is a pity that we have no better word than "sloppy" with which to translate the French adjective "degneule." That is the term which describes the present adjustment of clothes which comes up to the requirement of the mode. One must seem to "drag the feet" in carriage and appearance. But this lack of animation in bearing is to be accomplished with grace. Just how long the "slump" in attitude and the Fifth Avenue "slouch"



in walk will flourish as fashions remains to be seen. It is perhaps better than the tearing rush in the gait natural to many Americans. It speaks a sort of don't care leisure which may reflect itself in more repose in our nervous systems. "Slouch" and "slump" are unbecoming words, but they are heard often enough in connection with present day fashions to drill us to their real significance. The styles hardly merit them in their literal meaning; they simply suggest them. The pretty afternoon or evening gown pictured here sets forth the carriage of the figure and the pose of the apparel described in this discourse, but not in the exaggerated measure which may be discovered if one set out to look for it. Some women just adore the sloppy styles, and, alas! are of the type that can least afford to accept

them. But in so far as this gown sets them forth, they are attractive. There is a foundation garment of white satin caught up at the front and hanging in about the feet. Its high rather garish luster, is subdued by the tiered skirt of lace in three flounces. The bodice is of the lace over a baby waist of satin, and the sleeves are of lace only. The ever-present girldie with bow at the back in Japanese style, takes care of the natural waist line at the front. Unlike many of the new gowns, it rises toward the back. But this is counterbalanced by the border of marabout which outlines the upper tier of lace and makes the required line, falling at the back, a pronounced feature of the design. This border outlines the shoulder and appears as a stray, supporting the bodice. Satin slippers with silver buckles, worn with white silk stockings, a muff of marabout and an eccentric hat, complete the toilette. Taken altogether with the hat as a keynote, it reminds one of the lady Ophelia afflicted with a temporary but pleasing "crazy spell." This effect is due entirely to the hat, which is not to be considered by any one whose type is less suited to it than the young ingenue who is posing in it and looking out upon something—with such childishly enquiring eyes.

The marabout muff is plain and in the natural color. It could not afford to be fanciful in shape or treatment because all such frivolity needed by a toilette in which the gown is correspondingly plain, is embodied in this piece of millinery. This toilette would be pretty worn with a picture hat—less striking, but more satisfactory in the long run. It is adapted to all demi-dress affairs and easily made available for full dress by a little additional garniture and a different head dress.

Wide gossamer lace flouncing is used for veiling the satin foundation garment. There are many similar dresses following much the same design—three or four flounces of lace over a satin foundation. They make the prettiest dancing frocks. The flounces, with scant fullness, allow their draping. Three of them covering an ankle-length skirt, in one excellent model, are caught up at the left front. At this point a single rose fastens the drapery to place, a similar rose, but larger, finishes the ribbon sash and a rose adorns the coiffure. Developed in this way, it is a lovely model for a debutante. No fur or marabout is needed in the dancing frock, although marabout in the light colors might be used. Little single strands of rhinestones outlining the bodice (especially when partly concealed by soft lace frills) are fascinating on these youthful party gowns. The lace toilette made up in fine chantilly, after the design shown here, is suited to the wearer of almost any age. Altogether this is a model worthy of much consideration. With the wealth of beautiful made laces available and to be had in a wide range of prices, it may be produced at comparatively little expense.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

In the PUBLIC EYE

COLONEL GORGAS' WORK IN CANAL ZONE



Used as a health resort. Colonel Gorgas did it. He cleaned and paved Panama and Colon, supplied them with pure water, gave them sewers and compelled the inhabitants to maintain their premises in a sanitary condition. He warred on the mosquito, exterminated the yellow fever kind, and has almost wiped out the malarial variety.

The last, and one of the greatest of all the feats on the Isthmus, was not accomplished by the engineers. It is the marvelous work by which Colonel Gorgas of the medical corps cleaned up the canal zone and made it possible for men to work there. Before the Americans came the Isthmus of Panama was notorious as the most unhealthy place in the world. The French diggers of the canal were beaten by yellow fever. When the Panama railroad was built it was said, though the statement is probably an exaggeration, that every tie in the road represented a man's life. The cities of Panama and Colon were sinks of filth and corruption.

There is no yellow fever now in the canal zone and there has been none for several years. Malarial fever has almost disappeared. The death rate is lower than anywhere else in the United States or its possessions. The zone is being advertised as a health resort.

TOM HEFLIN TOLD THIS ONE

Conversation in the house lobby at Washington the other day wandered off to houn' dawgs, and the various members, mostly southerners, were telling their various experiences. Finally, Tom Heflin, the Adonis from Alabama, offered a contribution. "Down in a mountain town in my state," said he, "a man from outside one day rode in and behind him came a lean and sad-eyed dog. It was the custom to put any newcomer in town through a hazing process, and this was accordingly done with the stranger.



"After he had his dinner and was smoking, a big mountaineer whom he knew slightly wandered out and kicked at a lean, sad-eyed dog lying almost at the stranger's feet. "Don't kick that dawg," said the stranger, protestingly. "Who says I musn't kick that dawg?" demanded the mountaineer fiercely. "I reckon I'm about good enough aroun' here to kick anything I want to kick!" "Then he kicked the dog again. "I don't want to see you get into trouble," said the stranger, quietly, "so I wish you'd stop kicking that dawg." "For the reply the mountaineer merely kicked the dog again. "The stranger, instead of accepting the challenge, arose and walked toward the hotel entrance. "Air you gine to stan' my kicken' this dawg o' yourn without fitein'?" demanded the astounded mountaineer. "That ain't my dawg belongs to your brother Hez." "The mountaineer looked uncomfortable. "Whar is your dawg?" he asked. "The stranger yawned again. "I don't rightly know now," he replied, "but half a hour ago he was killin' that setter pup of yourn back of the pump!"

DR. GLADDEN WARNS THE CHURCH



Charges that the church is drifting away from the common people and catering to the rich and a warning that future success depends on a revival of interest in the working-man and his family gave interest to the meeting of the Home Missionary society held in connection with the National Council of Congregational churches at Kansas City. "The church must get back to the needs of the plain people or quit," declared Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio, former moderator. Dr. Gladden some years ago came into prominence when he challenged the propriety of acceptance by the American Board of Foreign Missions of a gift of \$100,000 from John D. Rockefeller. The controversy which arose over this challenge brought into popularity the phrase "tainted money."

OUTLINES POLICY OF OFFICE

Recognition of the rights of capital in its disputes with labor will be the policy of the new department of labor, according to the plans outlined by Secretary William B. Wilson the other night at a dinner of the men of Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian church in Washington. "Some extremists say capital performs no function in the world of production and therefore is entitled to no consideration," said Secretary Wilson. "Capital, being the unconsumed product of labor, is in a position to furnish the worker with the means of living until the product is ready for use. Without the use of capital in that way, labor could only be used as it is in savage countries. Capital is one of the elements by which productivity may be increased. Capital furnishes the machines and gives the worker ability to increase his product. "Labor is the philosopher's stone, for it turns all its touches into wealth. It does the actual production. Capital and labor being thus related, it will become one of the purposes of the new department of labor to bring those two partners together when they disagree and settle their differences at the council table rather than by strikes."



CALLED ON A MAN

By H. M. EGBERT.

"I hear Caleb Trevethan's home again," said little Miss Simpson, coming up to Lillian Darrell as she sat sewing upon the stoop. "Fancy, after all these years!"

Lillian looked up gravely. "I heard it too," she said. "It must be 14 years since he was in Port Smith," continued Miss Simpson. "And he hasn't showed his face among the neighbors yet. Weren't you and he sort of—"

"Engaged?" asked Lillian, conscious of her heightened color. "Yes—once. "Dear me, who would ever think of you as having been engaged, my dear!" soliloquized the visitor. "That is—I mean, of course, you and I seem to be such settled creatures."

That was a bitter word, but it was a true one. The women who stayed at home in the little New England town had just half the opportunity of being married that those had who went away. That was a matter of statistics. There were twice as many women as men in Port Smith. And Lillian had stayed at home.

Her sister Anna had gone to the city to be a stenographer, and had married a rich lumber merchant. She wrote from time to time, but never came back. Her other sister, Marian, had become a hospital nurse and married a rising young doctor. Lillian was thirty-three. She had stayed at home because she was the eldest, and somebody had to care for her mother.

Caleb Trevethan had been the only son of old Hiram Trevethan, who owned the homestead at the top of Maple avenue, nearly a half mile distant. He had left Port Smith, as all the young men did, and, like all, had left his sweetheart behind, promising to return.

Lillian could remember that last night as vividly as if it had been yesterday. "I shall come back for you, dear," he had said. "And I shall write to you every week, or oftener. Promise me that you will wait for me till then."

"Till when?" asked the girl, feeling utterly lonely and desolate. "Three years," said Caleb, clenching his fists to emphasize his words. "In three years' time I shall come back and take you away with me. Promise me, dear."

Lillian promised. Then she did something that she had never done before; she raised her lips to his. And the night air became suddenly fragrant, and her heart swelled with happiness. So Caleb went away, and for two whole months his letters came. He was doing well, he said; he had a position with a big mill. It might be less than three years.

Then the letters came less often and grew more formal. And at last they ceased. Lillian lived on with her sick mother, until her death, a year before. Her sisters left, one after the other, and married. Lillian heard of Caleb at times. He had become a partner at the age of thirty. Then the big consolidation had come and he was a power in Wall street before he was thirty-five. Then, only six months before, she had read the news of his engagement. She was amazed to find herself so little moved.

The past had become obscure, and half forgotten. The girl who had loved so passionately was not she but somebody of whom she thought with a wistful, kindly smile. And Caleb had been three days in the old homestead. He was alone, save for the old housekeeper. He had not brought his car, but had walked up from the station at night, like any traveler. He must have passed her house.

"Lillian! What do you think!" exclaimed Miss Simpson on the following day. "Have you seen today's papers? No? Well, Caleb Trevethan is a bankrupt. He had to run away from New York. They're talking of prosecuting him. And he's hiding in his house because he doesn't dare face the people who used to know him."

"And—his wife?" asked Lillian, timidly. "I guess she's not the kind that would start by him when he's in trouble," answered Miss Simpson. "Though now I come to think of it, whom did he marry?"

Lillian did not know what she answered. Caleb returning, to revisit his home, was one thing, but Caleb in trouble! That was quite different. To her amazement she found that all the old feelings had come rushing back as if the thirteen years had never elapsed.

She put on her hat and started up the street. On every porch women were rocking in the cool of the afternoon, watching the passers-by. One halted her. "Come in, Miss Darrell," she said. "You look as if you were on an errand, though."

"Yes," answered Lillian. "I'm going to call on Mr. Trevethan." An electric shock would have stunned the other less. Lillian going shamelessly to call on her old beau—call on a man—a fugitive, waiting for the officers of the law to come for him! She must have loved Caleb Trevethan mightily, then!

"You see," explained Lillian, "now that he is in trouble somebody ought to show him that his old friends are his friends still. Don't you think so?" "O yes—yes," answered the other vaguely. It was a fine sentiment, but—Lillian was going to call on a man! The girl knew what they thought. She had known it before she started.

But the instinct of loyalty was stronger than the sense of shame. What did she care for misinterpretations? He was in trouble, perhaps ill, and she would show him that, in spite of all, Port Smith was not going to take sides against him.

But as she entered the gate of the old house a faintness came over her, and she had to summon all her energy to overcome it. She had not seen him for 13 years, and she pictured Caleb as a boy still, with that adventurous light in his eyes. It did not occur to her that the years bring changes.

The door stood open. Lillian knocked, knocked again, and then went in. The parlor door was ajar also. In a far corner of the room a man was standing before a mirror. As she entered he turned slowly round and Lillian saw something shining in his hand. The next moment she had flung herself upon him and wrenched it away and thrown it down.

"Caleb!" she gasped. A mask seemed to fall from his face. "Lillian!" he cried. The mirror reflected their faces. How he had changed! This was no longer the adventurous joy, but a man with the years of hopes and dreams behind him, seared with the battle of life, and not quite spotless from the arena.

"Lillian," said Caleb. "I was going to kill myself. I have lost everything for which I fought so many years. Then you came, unless it was some purpose of destiny. Why did you come?"

She flung her head back proudly. "To show you," she said, "that whatever the world may say of you we do not forget—at home. We are proud of what you have done, Caleb. And we know that that was only the temptation of despair. You are not going under beneath the first blow of fortune. You are going back to fight again, and win."

He seemed to wince under her words, in spite of the pride in them. "That you should tell me this!" he muttered. "But I want you to know something, Lillian. I always meant to come back to you. When I saw how hard the battle was to be I felt I could not hold you fairly. But I meant to come back—heaven knows I did. Only—the years passed."

"Yes, the years pass," she answered. "They take many things from us." "But not our first loves," said Caleb. "Lillian, when I came back, baffled and beaten, I dared to hope that you were free. But I could not face you."

"And your wife?" she asked, with a sudden gesture of weariness. "It was in the papers—the engagement, you know."

Caleb Trevethan flung back his head and laughed. "A petty blackmailing scheme," he said. "Lillian, I have to face those things daily. That's part of the game. Dear, I wish I had had you by my side during the battle. But I'm going back to win now—only, I must have you. A good deal has gone by. Will you make the most of what is left to us, Lillian?"

And suddenly she found that it was he who was the stronger after all. But it was the strength she had given. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Trusts in Asia Minor

About the year 100 B. C. Thyatira came under the power of Rome, and though in the days of the republic it suffered much from oppression and extortion great commercial prosperity came to it with the inauguration of the empire. About the time that St. John wrote the Revelation it was at the height of its wealth and prosperity as a business city. It is known that there were more trade guilds in Thyatira than in any other city of Asia, for inscriptions tell us that there were guilds of linen workers, wool workers, dyers, bronzesmiths, potters, bankers, tanners and slave dealers. The selling of ready-made garments was an important business of Thyatira, but whether there were the accompaniments of sweatshops, long hours and scanty pay, we are not told.—Correspondence of the Christian Herald.

Piling on the "Extras."

One of the things which helps swell the traveler's expenses, both in this country and abroad, is the "extra." It may or may not be charged in the bill, but it is sure to be paid for. Probably even the most generous traveler, however, will have some sympathy for the gentleman in the following story, who was made to pay liberally for a certain annoying privilege.

During his stay at the hotel the weather had been very hot. "Charles," said the landlord to the clerk who was making out the bill to be presented to the departing guest, "have you noticed that the gentleman in No. 7 has consulted the thermometer on the piazza at least ten times every morning during his stay here?"

Charles replied that he had. "Well," said the landlord, "charge him the price of one dinner a day for the use of the thermometer."—"Youth's Companion."

Accuracy.

Accustom the children to close accuracy, both as a principle of honor and as an accomplishment of language, making truth the test of a perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and accuracy into all habits of thought and observation, so as always to think of things as they truly are, as far as in us rests—and it does rest much in our power, for all false thoughts and feelings come mainly of our thinking of what we have no business with and looking for things we want to see, instead of things which ought to be seen.—Ruskin.

Something New in College Hats.



SOMETHING to delight the heart of college girls has appeared amid cheers of triumph from all concerned. And all concerned include not only the college girl, but the motorist and the tourist, not to speak of the golfer (if that is the name) and all others who devote attention to looking at once smart and comfortable when on pleasure bent. "The hat that can't be mused" might describe this new departure in headwear, but the description would be too meager, for it leaves out the element of style with which the new arrival fairly reeks (allowing the expression).

of designs into the body of the hat. The new hat is comparable to the finest of panamas in point of flexibility and in point of style. It is not and cannot be a cheap hat, nor is it very extravagant in price. Above all, it is comfortable and exceedingly smart and durable. It is not long since the new invention made its bow. It is intended for an aristocratic audience and has succeeded in arousing an enthusiasm among the "frozen faces" which portends a long and permanent success. For college wear the Kinnard hat (named for its inventor) is made of yarn or other specially manufactured fabrics. Its warmth and beauty commend it, and it is jauntily trimmed or has its decoration incorporated in the body of the hat, according to the desire of the wearer. The college girl may wear, it rain or shine, wave it, change its shape and treat it with the greatest familiarity—it is hers and will stand everything, also withstand it. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.